A Little Rope
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by lostmagician

Summary

Steven wants to experiment with the Moon Knight powers. Marc is more than happy to oblige.

Inspired by this fanart.

Notes

All thanks goes to lowlife_symptoms for their incredible art.

All stories in the series are not related.

- Inspired by Hands To Yourself by lowlife_symptoms

They're making out on the bed. It's dark outside, a warm breeze filtering through the curtains, and the only source of light emanates from the soft glow of a lamp on the night table.

Marc is a gorgeous line on top of him, claiming his mouth in a way that has him moaning. Steven's arms curl around his neck as they kiss, long, languid, hot; Marc's cock as hard and raring to go as Steven's own. They slide together with every purposeful and firm rock of their hips.

Marc had chucked off his pants some time ago, so Steven can feel the hardness of his cock with every grind. It's good, really good, but Steven has an itch under his skin. He wants to try something new.

In a swift move, he tugs Marc's head back by the hair. "I have an idea."

Marc pecks him once, twice, before humming in question. He stays close by, his nose brushing against Steven's, his hot breath coming out in soft puffs.

Now that Steven has his full focus, he wavers. The truth is, it's not the first time the idea has jockeyed in his mind. It's been needling at him for weeks. Marc must notice the hesitation, because he leans back to give him space.

"What's up?" he asks seriously; all traces of arousal gone.

Steven wets his bottom lip; his stomach tightening when Marc's eyes snap down to follow the movement.

"I was wondering," starts Steven, nudging Marc's chin to catch his attention; dark eyes flick up, "if we could try something different."

When he doesn't say more, Marc's eyebrows inch up impatiently. "Yeah, like what?"

Steven stalls for time, by dropping his fingers to fiddle with Marc's collar. For some reason, in their shared headspace, they're always dressed in the same clothes that they wore in the psychiatric ward. Steven, in grey pants and a dark blue shirt, Marc in his signature white outfit. He takes a deep a breath, steeling himself.

"So, you know the Moon Knight powers." At Marc's hum, he continues. "I thought we could…" his face heats up, "um… fool around with them?"

He feels ridiculous for saying it; even more so when Marc's only response is to stare. Steven's scalp tingles with embarrassment.

"It was just an idea," he hurries to explain. "You know, there are a lot of linen wraps in the costume and I thought we could, I don't know... mess around with them?"

Marc jolts up straight, almost kneeing him in the balls.

"You mean like bondage?" His pupils are fully dilated, interest etched into his every feature.

Steven's lips crack into a faint smile. "Yeah, maybe?" He releases Marc's collar and shrugs. "I thought we could spice things up. Maybe I could tie you up, or the other way around, actually—"

Marc reaches down and hauls him into a bruising kiss, hands tight in his shirt as he licks into Steven's mouth. Steven's head starts to spin from arousal, or perhaps lack of oxygen.

"That's a great idea," agrees Marc, voice rough. He strokes Steven's cheek and makes deliberate eye contact. "If you want me to stop at any moment, say the word *red,* okay?"

Steven nods quickly. He cups Marc's jaw and kisses him again. It's frantic, possessive; *thank you* and *I love you* all at once.

Marc drags him upright, until they're both kneeling, facing each other, and Steven sucks on his tongue, showing him exactly what he'd like to do with his mouth. It goes on for a few minutes, a messy swap of spit and heat, until fingers clamp around Steven's wrists, guiding them away.

"Hands behind your back," orders Marc, moving his lips to Steven's throat to bite at his sweat-dampened skin.

Breathless, Steven obeys and crosses his wrists behind his lower back. Marc continues to mouth at the junction where his neck meets his shoulder, a hint of grazing teeth, and Steven angles his chin away, baring his throat; his head muddled with arousal.

Through the haze, he wonders how it's going to happen. Is Marc going to summon the entire suit, or is he going to conjure only what he needs? Can he do so without alerting Khonshu of their activities?

The questions stampede in his mind. He opens his mouth, ready to ask, when Marc releases him with a wet sound, and his eyes glow an ethereal white. A jolt runs behind Steven's back, making him gasp—the unmistakable feeling of a rope tying around his forearms and wrists.

Marc's eyes eclipse back. "Is the pressure okay?" he checks, stroking Steven's collarbone.

Steven's face heats. He can't see over his shoulder, but he can feel the linen wraps digging into his skin. To test them out, he pulls against them, but the result leaves him feeling helpless. He can't even move his arms.

"Yes," says Steven, hoarsely; more turned on than he's ever been.

Marc's lips curl into a smirk. "Good. Because I'd like you to stay still for the next part," he says, as he slowly dips his hands under Steven's shirt.

And that's the thing: Steven is completely at his mercy now. The hands travel up his sides, a molten caress that makes him squirm; circling to the wide of his back, almost in reverence, before rounding back to the front. Marc knees closer, and watches him intensely, as he slides his fingers up to his chest. A calloused thumb brushes against his nipple, drawing out a whimper.

"Marc," he moans.

Marc sways forward, his heavy-lidded eyes zeroing in on Steven's mouth. "You like that?" he asks, voice like gravel.

Yes, he does. He nods to show it, and is rewarded with another swipe that makes him spasm, warmth curling up his spine. Marc rubs both his nipples, slow and steady, in perfect symmetry. Not rough or hard, just the right enough pressure to tease Steven. At once, pleasure starts to build inside of him at a dizzying pace.

"It—it feels really good," says Steven, breathing heavily. "But I can't—" He breaks off with a cry when Marc pinches a nipple between thumb and forefinger. "I need more."

Marc ignores him, and continues to fondle him. His finger move over his chest, pressing harder, alternating between pinches and caresses, and Steven's hips began to jerk in aborted moves. It's too much. He struggles harder against the binds. He needs to rut against something, anything, but he doesn't have enough leverage with his hands tied behind his back.

He squeezes his eyes shut, when Marc bends forward to kiss his neck again, trailing all the way to his earlobe. His breath is hot and loud against Steven's ear, wounding him up even more.

"Marc," he begs again. "Please, I need—"

"I've got you, baby," rasps Marc, finally releasing him entirely.

Steven opens his eyes in time to see Marc scoot back and recline against the headboard, spreading his legs. He cups Steven's elbows and ushers him close until he's got knees on both sides of his

thigh. “I know what you need,” in a throaty voice.

His gaze is drawn to Marc’s boxers and the hard shape of his cock through the fabric. He absently straddles Marc’s thigh, his mouth watering in anticipation, when strong hands bracket his hips and drive him down in obvious command.

A flush creeps up Steven’s throat, as he registers the meaning. “You want me to...”

“Yeah, come on,” says Marc, giving Steven’s ass a hard squeeze. “Ride my thigh. Take what you need.”

Steven feels pinpricks of heat all over his skin, but the growing ache in his cock wins over any uncertainty. He knees closer and settles more firmly against Marc’s thigh. It takes him a moment to pick up the courage to move.

When he finally gives an experimental thrust, he moans at the sensation. The thigh is thick and prominent, the perfect counter-pressure against his cock. So, he does it again and again, slowly picking up the pace, moving his hips back and forth like a pendulum. Marc grunts in approval and hooks a strong arm around his waist, coaxing him into going faster.

“You’re so good for me,” Marc mutters, “taking what you want. You’re so gorgeous like this.” The words spur Steven to ride more freely, with less worry; he cries when the crown of his cock catches on a particularly hard thrust. “Come on. Keep going, baby. Just like that. Show me how much you like it.”

The other hand comes up to cradle his cheek, and Steven twists to catch Marc’s thumb into his mouth, sucking hard. Marc’s gaze darkens, and he watches entranced as Steven works his hips, while lapping at his finger. He tastes of salt and sweat, and something that Steven will always cherish, that is entirely Marc.

Then, suddenly, the weight on his tongue disappears. He whines, but only for a moment—just as fast, two fingers return roughly into his mouth. He moans around the new thickness, swirling around the digits and hollowing his cheeks in a clear message.

“Fuck,” says Marc hoarsely. “Look at you. So desperate to have my cock inside of you.”

Steven only sucks harder, loving the way Marc’s nostrils flare at the sight. Soon, the fingers leave and Marc straightens up, eyes dark, and then, rough hands pull at the drawstrings of Steven’s pants, loosening it around the waist.

“Yes, yes, yes,” babbles Steven. He jerks his hips to a halt, half-expecting Marc to wrap a hand around his cock, so he’s surprised when two wide palms dip into his boxers instead. They grab his ass cheeks, spreading them and exposing his hole. It makes him jolt upright. “M-Marc,” he says, both embarrassed and wanting.

“Yeah, baby,” answers Marc, nipping at his lips and massaging his ass. His eyes are heavy-lidded, clearly aroused.

Steven pants and moans, as thick fingers lower into his crack, swiping all the way down to his balls, before returning to the rim. They stay there for a while, playing with the furled skin, tugging and pulling, until Steven starts rutting in desperate circles, leaking precome against his belly. He wishes he could spread his legs wider, take everything that he could.

“Please,” begs Steven. “Please, please, please.”

A minute later, he gets what he wished for when two fingers plunge in. It's too much, too fast. The stretch burns as Marc buries them to the hilt, but it also feels so *good,* filling an emptiness he never knew he had inside of him. Then, Marc crooks his fingers, and Steve's belly convulses with pleasure. He tilts his forehead against Marc's shoulder, clenching around the length and adjusting to the fullness.

The hand splays against his ass, applying pressure and urging him to move again. Steven forces himself to comply. It's slower this time, because it feels like every nerve in his body is on fire. Every thrust shifts the fingers inside of him, grazing against that sweet spot that makes him see stars. His balls draw tight, and he's so hard, it *hurts*.

"I c-can't," whines Steven. "It's too much. I need you to touch me."

Marc shushes him, and continues to coax him, the veins in his forearms jumping with every pull. Steven's entire body starts to tremble from the tension. It's stifling in the room; hot, unrelenting. His shirt clings to him like second skin, and he has to blink sweat out of his eyes. He continues to move, every breath punching out of his lungs, thighs burning from exertion.

"I'm going to—" He says, breathing hard. Tears rise to his eyes, and he's going to cry with how close he is. "I— I—"

There's a telltale twinge in his pelvis, the contraction of muscles as if he's winding up for release, but it's not enough. He needs an extra push. He needs—

Marc bares his teeth and lifts his knee, at the same time as he yanks Steven down on his thigh. He does it again and again, and the pressure is so good, so *perfect*—Steven stiffens as he comes sudden and hard; spurting ropes of come in the inside of his boxers, his body wracking through his orgasm.

When it's over, he slumps against Marc's chest, panting like he's run a marathon. His limbs feel like jelly. Marc stirs, his fingers carefully slipping out of him, and Steven shivers at the air hitting his ass.

Then, his hands drop down, numb, as the binds set loose. Marc covers him up and lays him down on the mattress, curling around him.

"That was amazing," mumbles Steven, when he's caught his breath. He's so exhausted, he'd like nothing more than to drift off to sleep. But an intrusive thought has him springing in apology. "Oh, no. I'm sorry, I forgot—"

He reaches out for Marc's boxers, and a hand clasps around his wrist like an iron band. "Are you kidding me?" rasps Marc. "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen."

It takes a few seconds for Steven to understand. When he does, he can't believe it. He shakes off Marc's grip and cups him through his boxers; sure enough, the fabric is hot and wet, Marc's half-hard cock easily cradling in the palm of his hand.

This time, a different shiver runs through Steven's spine. He draws closer and catches Marc in a lazy kiss.

They lie down for a long time, making out, happy, content, until they both fall asleep.

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